THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

ASPIRE.

Aim high. 'Twere better thine arrows
Below the mark should fall,
Than that thou through fear of failure
Shouldst never aim at all.

'Twere nobler to miss the target,
Placed at a lofty height,
Than to hit it on the level
Each time at nearer sight.

Aim high. God counts not the arrows
That miss the higher mount—
The aimings and the purpose high
He adds in thine account.

—Elizabeth Wilson Thomas.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

At the Chautauqua at Gladstone Park, near Portland, the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, gave an address on "Roundabout in Old New England," or "Scaling the Heights." Dr. Van Horn also gave the sermon last Sunday evening.

The article by the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams, in The Pacific this week, was written on the 17th of June, as they were nearing Hong Kong. In a note to the editor, Dr. Adams said: "We are having a delightful trip and seeing much that will be helpful in our future work. We shall get our first letters from home on Tuesday, June 23, at Singapore."

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened with great interest at their meeting last Monday to the Rev. J. R. Knodell, who told of the recent temperance victory in Oregon. Next year the issue will be joined again in the counties from which the saloons have been voted out only in part of the precincts, and further victories are confidently expected. Such is the sentiment now in Oregon that there are excellent reasons for believing that Oregon can two years hence be added to the list of prohibition states.

Commenting on the statement by the Rev. Samuel C. Patterson in The Pacific recently that Congregationalists, Baptists and Disciples could more easily than many other denominations come together in unity, The Pacific Baptist remarks, "They will walk together when they are agreed." And the signs of agreement on the question of baptism are far from promising—even to the extent only of Baptists and Disciples receiving to membership persons who have not been baptized by immersion. Some of the Disciple churches have advanced to what they call an "associate membership" for such persons.

Ten years ago the Rev. E. Calvert Smoot was pastor of a Baptist church at Eugene, Oregon. Later he came to California, and for a time had charge of a Congregational church which he led into troubled waters because of his strong Unitarian trend. He never acquired Congregational ministerial standing, we believe; and a few years ago identified himself with the Unitarians. A few weeks ago he resigned from the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church of San Francisco; and it is stated will forsake the ministry. He is quoted as saying that the churches are not able to keep pace with the evolution of things around about them.

The pulpit of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco was occupied on the second Sunday of this month by the Rev. W. K. Guthrie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns"

The Pacific Unitarian states in its church news columns that Mr. Guthrie's sermon on Barnabas was "a model of what a sermon should be; that it was "in matter and manner convincing, helpful and uplifting."

It is said that the Rev. Dr. Matthews of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle never closes a sermon without an appeal to his hearers to accept Christ, and giving an opportunity for them to do so, and that seldom is this in vain. Last year he welcomed 838 persons into membership, 613 on confession. What is called the most complete and up-to-date building for all departments of church work to be found in this country was finished recently by the church of which he is pastor. It cost along with the lot $400,000. The auditorium seats 2,500 persons and can be arranged on occasion to accommodate 3,000. On the roof of the building is a running track. Dr. Matthews makes use of all manner of means to reach men.

Speaking recently on "The Eastern Sierra as a Mission Field," the pastor of the Baptist Church at Reno, Nevada, said in substance: The population is about 110,000. The Congregationalists have two churches and 300 members; the Presbyterians, eight churches and 400 members; the Episcopalians, 21 churches and missions and 818 members; Methodists, 33 stations and 1,306 members; Baptists, nine churches and 446 members. The Romanists are aggressive. A new $80,000 cathedral church is located directly across the street from the Baptist meeting-house in Reno. At least one person in eight is interested financially in the saloon business and another one-eighth is interested financially in gambling and the redlight districts.

At a Unitarian Pacific Coast conference, held not long ago in Alameda, a resolution was adopted favoring the submission to the electors of California of a constitutional amendment providing for the extension of the elective franchise to women. Writing on Equal Suffrage in the July number of The Pacific Unitarian, the Rev. J. A. Cruzan says: "The pauper in the almshouse may vote; the woman who devotes herself to making the almshouse habitable may not. The tramp who begs victuals at the kitchen door may vote; the owner of the kitchen, who pays taxes to maintain the jail in which the tramp lodges at night, may not. The immigrant, with his lifelong monarchical training, the Indian who has left his tribe, and the negro, upon whom still rests the degradation of 200 years of slavery, all may vote; but the American woman in whose veins runs the blood of revolutionary sires may not vote. Today in free America only three classes of sane people are disfranchised: Tribal Indians, Chinamen and women! This is a monstrous anomaly and a great wrong."

A determined effort will be made in the next legislature of the state of Washington to secure better temperance laws— in other words, an effective local option law. Among the persons of influence in political circles leading in the movement is the Hon. L. E. Kirkpatrick, who is reported to have said recently at a meeting of ministers: "We shall not be satisfied with a mere declaration from the Republican candidates that they will stand upon the platform

adopted at Spokane. We will require a definite statement from each and every candidate, telling exactly where he stands and giving an honest and candid expression on the subject. Questions will be put categorically and they must be answered plainly and candidly, otherwise it will be assumed that the candidate will not support the bill, and the reform forces will act accordingly. It is a shame and a disgrace that Washington is among the only four states that have no effective local option laws. That must be cured and will be cured by the decent citizens at the coming elections." In this movement will be united all the temperance organizations of the state and all the churches. The saloon interests are beginning to be active also. It was reported a few weeks ago in the Seattle Times that the wholesale liquor dealers of Seattle had sent, early in June, the following appeal to liquor interests in San Francisco: "The Seattle Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association respectfully solic" its your immediate aid, both financially and otherwise, for our coming fall campaign. We have the fight of our lives on and feel that if we can down local option at this time we will be through with it for all time. The liquor interests in Oregon underestimated the enemy's strength, and as a result, out of a total of thirty-three counties, there are but eight wet. The prohibitionists are here and have been for some time, and being well organized, they are working hard for their cause. We propose to organize immediately and be prepared to make a strong fight when the battle is on. The undersigned firms are taxing themselves heavily in this fight, and we feel justified in asking your aid, as no doubt you appreciate that a good business for us means a good business for you. Trusting we shall have your assistance in this our time of need, we remain yours truly." This was signed by several firms.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

To keep up with the output of books in the United States a man would have to read twenty-six a day.

The home of the late William McKinley at Canton, Ohio, has passed into the hands of Roman Catholics and will be made into a hospital.

The city of New York will spend $33,750,000 on her schools the next year. This will be $7,000,000 more than was required last year, of which $3,000,000 is an increase in salaries of teachers.

Failures for the first half of the present year, as reported to Bradstreet's, numbered 7,560, with liabilities of $178,555,882 and assets of $103,168,993. This marked an increase of 58 per cent over the number reported in the same period of last year, of 41 per cent over the first half of 1904, and of 21 per cent over the first half of 1893. It was, however, a slightly smaller total than was reported in the first half of 1896, the decrease being half of 1 per cent. As regards liabilities, this year was two and one-third times larger than in the first half of 1907, more than double that of 1904, and 4 1-2 per cent larger than in the first six months of 1893. The percentage of assets to liabilities this year was 57.7, as against 54.8 in 1907, 49.1 in 1906, 55.1 in 1904, 57 in 1896 and 1897, and 61 in 1893.

The Dunkards celebrated a few weeks ago the two hundredth anniversary of the organization of their denomination. They are struggling with problems which by other denominations were settled decades ago. The younger people of the church are responsible for most of the trouble. Associating as they do, with young Americans, they are falling in with American ways, and are introducing innovations of which their elders do not at first approve and which sometimes cause heated controversies. The use of lightning rods and of telephones, the insuring of life and property, the employment of railroad cars as means of travel and transportation have all been soberly considered and finally approved. The principal questions now pending are the employment of organs to furnish music in churches and the payment of salaries to ministers. It is said that some of the churches in the large cities have already introduced these features, but that official approval is still lacking.

Completed figures of the country's emigration and immigration during the first half of 1908 were given out recently. Since the first of the year, 377,000 people of the laboring class have left the country, more by 191,000 than have come in. Since the October panic about 425,000 more have departed than have arrived. Italian emigration to America has practically ceased. Only 4,429 persons emigrated to America during May, while 31,539 emigrants returned to Italy. During the first five months of the present year the number of departures for America was 32,025 and that of repatriations 91,116. Comparing these figures with those for the corresponding period in the previous year the departures show a falling off of 137,124, and the repatriations, an increase of 71,297. A consequence of this state of affairs is that the money which the emigrants used to send to Italy, and which until recently was calculated at $70,000,000 yearly, has stopped going, while at present there are about 200,000 returned emigrants in Italy without work.

Colleges and various educational institutions throughout the country are extensively purchasing mortgages on New York City real estate. A tabulation prepared by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company shows recent sales to Amherst College, Cornell University, Drew Theological Seminary, Packer Collegiate Institute, Packard Commercial School, Peking University of China, Polytechnic Institute, Robert College of Constantinople, trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, Union College, Vassar College, Wesleyan University, Antioch College of Yellow Springs, Middleburg College, Staten Island Academy, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Female Institute of Visitation, Hebrew Technical Institute, Hebrew Technical School for Girls, Hoagland Laboratory, Parish of St. Francis Xavier, Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; Associate Alumnae of Adelphi College, Brooklyn Art Association, Eulexian Society of St. Stephens College, Fordham University Alumni Association, Lincoln Memorial University, Polhemus Memorial Clinic, and State Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of the State of New York.

The domesticated Lapland reindeer introduced into Northern Newfoundland at the end of last year by Dr. Grenfell of the British Deep Sea Mission, have passed through their first and most trying winter successfully. All are reported strong and lusty. The one mischance was an attack on some of them by the savage dogs owned by the settlers. One stag was seriously mauled, but Dr. Grenfell continued to patch up his wounds, and the beast is now right again. One other difficulty has also been overcome. The Lapp herdsmen are gradually learning English, and are now able to make themselves understood. The reindeer have proved themselves the best means of transport in the northern winter; most successful and speedy journeys have been

made. The Lapps have also shown the natives how to get over the snow and ice with ski. A large part of the herd will soon be conveyed to Labrador. Here they have only one enemy to fear, the savage Eskimo dog. It is hoped that when the natives realize all the benefits coming to them from the tame reindeer—food, milk, clothing and transport—the dogs will gradually disappear. Last winter one pack is said to have killed and eaten a whole Eskimo family. The driver became weak from exhaustion and hunger; the pack turned upon him and killed him, the wife and two small children. Such stories are not uncommon.

At the recent International Miners' Congress in France almost all the delegates were in favor of he nationalization of mines. A German delegate, Herr Janscheck, pointed out that the idea was not confined to the workers. In Germany it had been taken up by the government with the object of breaking the power of the industrial syndicates. He cited instances where mine-owners had declared dividends of 45 per cent and even 500 per cent. The French delegate, M. Choquet, advocated nationalization as a means of lessening the number of accidents in mines. He recalled the fact that after a terrible accident at Courrieres the French government proposed to refuse all further concessions to private companies, but was defeated in Parliament. The recognition of the principle was, he said, a step in advance. He added that the French government could make a beginning under the existing law, which enabled them to revoke concessions on the ground of mismanagement and negligence. He contended that not only the mines, but stone and slate quarries, and, indeed, the whole subsoil, should be nationalized. M. Calwaert, a Belgian delegate, argued that general nationalization was the only solution of the social problem. The spokesman of the British delegation thought the chief value of the proposition lay in the comparative security which it would offer to human life. He reminded his hearers that the question of compensation would have to be considered. In Great Britain alone six hundred millions sterling would be required. The Labor party, he said, would probably capture the British government in less than ten years.

"The sharp debate on church union in the Canadian General Assembly this year was almost wholly monopolized by the opponents of union, but fortunately their speeches appear to have had little or no effect," says The Interior, one of our Presbyterian exchanges. "The Assembly, as soon as the debate was closed, rejected by a vote of 165 to 32 an amendment that aimed to substitute the idea of fraternal co-operation for the pending plan of organic union with the Methodist and Congregational denominations. It then adopted a vigorous resolution expressing joy at learning that in the judgment of the committee, so far as they have prosecuted their labors, the proposed union appears to be practicable. The committee was instructed to proceed with its negotiations. While this outcome is a pleasing testimony to the breadth of mind and earnestness with which the majority of Canadian Presbyterians have gone into this great effort at Protestant unification, the interested onlooker cannot escape a sense of depression at the outbreak of even so much anti-unionism in a church which at one time seemed moving solidly into this splendid combination. It is exceedingly disappointing to find men of power and prominence in Presbyterianism alleging as arguments against union selfish and sectarian tendencies in themselves which they ought to be ashamed of rather than to glory in. In view of the quality of the arguments offered by objectors, we are obliged to conclude that the opposition to the union movement in Canada springs from a set preference for separation and division rather than for unity of God's people. We launch no reproach at any man for questioning whether a given plan for union is feasible. But when a man, industriously magnifying trifles, makes it his deliberate labor to erect new obstacles in the pathway by which different denominations are drawing nearer to common understanding, we dare to bring against him the solemn reproach of pleasing not God and being contrary to the best hopes of the kingdom of Christ."

JAPAN.

By Geo. C. Adams, D.D.

At home we rarely employ a Japanese to wash our windows and do rough housework without a large sized interrogation point concerning him. We have come away from his country with the same feeling, and with the conviction that one of the processes already begun, and destined to progress rather rapidly, is the disillusionment of America and Europe concerning Japan. Lafcadio Hearn, who writes of the country and people in most friendly spirit, says that at first acquaintance you think you know all about the Japanese; when you have lived among them for a couple of years you conclude you know nothing about them, and then you are just ready to learn about them. Because of their wonderful deeds and remarkable self-control in their war with Russia we think we know all about them; when we read Mackenzie's "The Tragedy of Korea," we wonder if the Japanese of whom he writes can be the same one we have been praising. Every missionary in Japan of whom we asked the question, "Can we trust the Japanese professions of friendship for the United States?" answered promptly, "Yes;" and every American business man of whom we asked the same question answered just as promptly, "No." Since leaving Japan we are told that if we were to ask that question of missionaries in Korea we would get the same answer as from business men of Japan. Japan is on exhibition; everywhere she has something wonderful to show. She politely invites all the world to come and see her; and those who really wish to find her at home had better come soon. The nation that in thirty years had caught up with the world's procession that was a thousand years in advance will soon be like the rest of us. Already the changes are so great that you smile, and sigh, at the incongruities. We had an unusual chance to see the people of all classes, so we waited two hours at Nikko for the great annual Shinto procession to come along; there they were, wooden high shoes, kimonas of every color, babies on the back of children five and six years old, all as advertised, with one exception: almost every one of them carried an American umbrella (made in Japan). That picturesque, clumsy, paper umbrella on bamboo sticks, that just tops out the Japanese costume, was gone, and the invariable black, small ribbed umbrella that you and I carry had taken its place.

Japan is beautiful; there is no denying it; there is a lotus influence in her scenery and everything belonging to her. But much of the beauty is already passing; Osaka is a forest of factory chimneys; Sasebo is a naval arsenal—none more modern; the straits of Shimonaseki are filled with smoke, and the soft lines of that beautiful passage are being roughened by great manufacturing establishments. Japan will import nothing that she can make; she is not inventive, but she is imitative, and she can make anything any one else has made; and she knows how to

make the inferior article and put the American and English stamp on it for selling purposes. As time passes she will develop the inventive faculty.

The great question with regard to her future is well stated in a recent tract; all depends on whether she regards her mission to be that of a forceful leader of all Asia, which she cannot permanently be; or whether she sees her opening opportunity to be the teacher of Asia, a field in which she can exert unlimited influence, and work practically without a rival. At present she has strained her resources to the breaking point in her effort to lead by force. Her national debt is 2,000,000,000 yen, or one billion American dollars, and it is all owed to other nations. That would not be much of a debt for the United States, the average annual income of whose people, men, women and children, is $244. But the average income in Japan is only $14. A family makes a living from a piece of ground ten by thirty feet in size. The whole family work, even father; they plant wheat or barley in rows; they weed and cultivate it carefully; by the time it is ready for harvest some other crop is already well up between the rows, and we cannot tell how many times in a season they take a crop off that poor little piece of ground. To a people like this such a debt is overwhelming. Everything is taxed. The hotel man pays a tax on every piece of your baggage he takes out over the Hatoba, as the wharf is called, even then Japan finds it difficult to meet the interest bill, and yet she feverishly goes on building more battleships and crusiers, and building them bigger. If she is ever compelled to risk her fleet in a pitched battle with some foreign nation, and is defeated, she is ruined. But she is determined that she will never be defeated. The spirit of "The forty-seven Romans" is in her, and every man she has got is full of the Shinto spirit that makes him want to honor his ancestors in death. It was in those desperate, persistent charges that finally carried the Russian works; it was in the dispatch in which Tago announced his victory over the Russian fleet. The spirit that has made Japan invincible thus far is religious, Shinto to be sure, but it permeates the nation, and they live up to it.

Labor is cheap in Japan, but not so cheap as it was; living is twice as high as it was five years ago, and wages have risen. Osaka and every other manufacturing place have had strikes, and a Japanese strike is a hard one to handle; the laboring man has won his fight in nearly every case. Cheap labor enables Japan to undersell the rest of the world, but how long will she have cheap labor? If European or American capital ever get control of those Japanese manufacturing establishments it will be a serious day for Japan. She says she will never permit it, but even while she is saying it she has entered into partnership with the men in Europe and America who make big guns, in order to get the uses of their patents and secret processes, and they are to have a half interest in those manufactures in Japan.

Again, Japan knows the value of her merchant marine. Since leaving San Francisco the rarest thing we have seen is the Stars and Stripes on a merchant vessel; the British, German and Japanese flags are in every port; the American flag has been driven off the ocean. Japan can sell her goods, made in Japan, anywhere she chooses, and deliver them in Japan ships. Here is foood for thought, and here is revenue for Japan.

On Memorial Day we gathered on the bluff at Yokohama, on the grounds of the U. S. naval hospital, and listened to an excellent addresss by the American ambassador; the sailors and marines from the U. S. cruisers were present and a Filipino band furnished the music. And on Sunday we met with the people of the Union church and heard a memorial sermon in the morning, with our sailors present, and in the evening a plain, helpful, gospel sermon by the pastor, Rev. T. R. Good.

We stood with heads bared in the foreign cemetery at Yokohama; before us was a plain monument in memory of the officers and men of the U. S. warship "Oneida," that was run into in 1870 and sunk by the British ship "Bombay" as she was leaving Yokohama with the home pennant flying. Captain Williams of the "Oneida' had his home in Maine right across the street from the home of the writer, and when he left via Boston to take his command at Yokohama we occupied the same stateroom. Living over the memories of that long ago we turned around and faced the headstone at the grave of Earle Swan, whose young life went out not long ago; these men both laid down their lives in the line of duty. Then we went to Tokyo, and in the bright brick building of the Y. M. C. A. we were greeted by Galen Fisher, active, alert, filling a most important place, beloved and trusted by all who know him.

VACATION VAGARIES.

II.

W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

Seattle! Why should I, or any man, write an exclamation point after that name? Not because of the wonderful beauty of the city. It is rough and crude in many places. Next to some of its finest residences is the virgin, unstumped soil of the acre. Not because of the regularity of its laying out. It has accumulated its area by attaching "additions" here and there, and these seem to have been rudely mitred to the main city, so that jogs appear at intervals, and streets stop short at the front doors of homes, to be continued on their irregular way a hundred feet distant laterally. Certainly not because of the over-reaching and interlacing trees, for foliage is scarce and young. There is no vista in its scenery. The hills do not even form it into terraces, but chop it up into almost all conceivable shapes. It is the most irregular, ill-planned, cantankerously laid out city on the face of the earth. And yet no fair writer would be justified in penning that name without a note of admiration at its close. Of course, the views from its hill crests are superb, whether you look to the northwest and take in the sound and the distant Olympics, or to the eastward and feast your eyes on Lake Washington and the Cascades, or to the southward and across the bosom of lake and sound, and become thrilled with the sight of peerless Rainier. (Tacoma readers please make a note of this.) But all this magnificent panorama is not to be credited to the city per se, but to the surrounding country.

Why then write it Seattle! Because of the indomitable spirit which has always characterized its inhabitants. There is nothing like it anywhere else. Other cities have been proud of their location, their growth, their age, their prowess; but Seattle takes all other prides of all other cities, and then raises the combination to the Nth power, and uses that as the expression of its abounding confidence in its own future. It does not seem to be a challenge. There is no element of braggadocia in it. There is no throwing down of the gauntlet, as though a battle were to be fought. Neither does the visitor detect a spirit of superciliousness in the city's belief in its own prosperity. And yet it is so plucky, so self-contained, so vividly dauntless, that it is at times unspeakably funny to the looker-on; but the grim humor is never noticed by the enthusiastic Seattleite. It is this unde-

finable spirit that lies back of all the city's advancement. It is this spirit which in the early days, when railways made and controlled towns, defied the encroachments of the Northern Pacific, and was willing to make no concessions, holding on to its water front with a deathlike grip; that rose from its ashes in '89, determined to wear the crown of a metropolis; that planted its feet firmly in the great financial landslide of '93, and defied disaster; that seized the first advantage that came in the Alaska and Klondike trade, and has held it ever since; that looked through the smallest peephole toward the Oriental opportunity and magnified both its vision and its emolument; that made its multitudious hills tributary to its splendid surroundings, and then, when trade demanded a level business district, tore them down at tremendous expense, and multiplied the value of the improved area by three; that stood up on end skyscrapers of fourteen and sixteen stories as easily and naturally as the oldest cities of the East; and looking up and down the coast is today willing to acknowledge the supremacy of no rival whatever! Hence Seattle!

What was it made men cross the plains,
And brave the mountains' vast domains,
And turn their losses into gains?
The first Seattle spirit!

What was it led men round the Horn,
Through tempests wild in craft sea-torn,
And saved them from a hope forlorn?
The brave Seattle spirit!

What made the Dennys, Yeslers, and
The rest of them that struck the sand
At Alki Point, seek further land?
The shrewd Seattle spirit!

What caused a town on Eliot Bay
To spring to birth, and promptly say:
"We're here to grow, to win, to stay?"
The real Seattle spirit!

What saw a city 'mid the trees,
Undaunted at such hills as these,
And cut down forests just like cheese?
The true Seattle spirit!

What laughed at railraods and the rest
That sought for plunder; made the test
Its own stern will, and got the best?
The bold Seattle spirit!

What saw hard times descend pell-mell,
And held its own, when others fell,
And lived the victory to tell?
The proud Seattle spirit!

What sought Alaskan gold, and found
The Oriental trade, and crowned
Itself with glory at a bound?
The great Seattle spirit!

What claims unrivalled greatness now,
And wears a chaplet on its brow,
Outshining all the Caesars? Wow!
The famed Seattle spirit!

I know of no characteristic of human nature more praiseworthy than that which appreciates the value of old friendships. New friends are often easily made. We naturally think well of new acquaintances. First impressions are apt to be good in most cases, for strangers are inclined to be on their best behavior before each other. You have to summer and winter people before you begin to know them. But if after years of personal intimacy the friendship continues, there must be evidence of some worth on both sides.

If after years of separation the greeting is mutually cordial, the world has a right to conclude that there was a solid basis of confidence at parting. It is never to the discount of new friendships that the old are highly valued. It rather indicates that as time ripens the growing intimacies they, too, will take on the glowing tints and the luscious flavor of maturity.

A ten-years' pastorate in such a city as this means many very tender relationships. The cheery voices, the cordial handgrasps, and the enthusiastic greetings that meet one on his return, make life all the more worth living. And how much there is to talk about after but a few months' separation. Wedding bells have rung merrily in some families. Funeral knells have resounded solemnly in other homes. Here it has been a festive garment, there a shroud. Some have climbed up in the world, some are sadly stepping down in defeat. Some have made and some have lost a fortune. We rush up to a friend and congratulate him on his marriage, or his fatherhood, as we had read it in the public prints, only to see his brow cloud and learn of his sudden and quick-following bereavement. We go cautiously to another, having some vague idea of disaster in our mind, and get whirled half way across the pavement as he recites his latest triumph. It is all interesting and wonderful, and shows what a teeming, changing, whimsical, mysterious thing life is. And just to think of it—several weeks of meeting old friends, and recalling old scenes, and renewing old heart-throbs, before returning to the routine of our profession.

Is it any wonder that I break out with:

Here is my hand, old friend, we know
The past has thrown us both in debt
For all its kindness, and yet
The present good is all aglow.

We've walked together in the light,
And plucked sweet posies by the way;
We've seen the sun shine all the day,
And then the merry stars at night.

We've set our barks to breezes fair;
They've sailed away across the sea,
And then returned to you and me,
Laden with gold and jewels rare.

We've sung together songs of love,
And hope, and hero-strife, as well;
We've talked till we'd no more to tell
Of earth beneath, or heaven above.

And here we face the vanished years,
And face each other, too, old lad;
Our hearts for all these mercies glad,
Our eyes suffused with grateful tears.

'Tis good to see you, though your hair
Is slightly tinged with tell-tale gray;

'Tis good to mark the same old way,
Though time's effaced your jaunty air.

Ah, is it true? Then you have seen
Some clouds upon the bright blue sky;
Well, I'd forgotten, so have I,
And yet the sun has shone between.

And you have suffered? Yes, the cross
Has also lain upon my heart—
The cross of pain that made me start,
And wonder if my gold was dross.

But underneath that cross the palm,
Once nailed upon it, lifted up
Our drooping spirits, and the cup,
Once bitter, seemed to us like balm.

And so, old friend, we both have known
The storm and calm, the ill and good;
But through them all we've understood
'Twas God's wise plan by which we've grown.

Our fellowship is sweeter far,
Because of mingled joy and pain;
Though sundered long we meet again,
As ship meets ship across the bar.

Ahoy! shipmate, ahoy! farewell!
Our mercies many, griefs but few,
We'll do our part, as part we do,
Till both shall hear the harbor bell!

Seattle.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

We live in a "dry town." It is also a town of many autos. These two facts are closely related—it is the relationship of cause and effect. Neighboring towns that are not "dry" are beginning to get their eyes open to all this, and are so impressed by it that they are sometimes willing to acknowledge the "eye-opener." Visalia, the county seat of Tulare county, is not a "dry town," but one of its newspapers is evidently somewhat inclined to wish that it were "dry," for it has recently expressed itself in the following language:

"Tulare is fairly overrun with 'autos' these days. There are more big 'red devil' wagons in that district than are to be found in any other part of Tulare county, which indicates that our neighbors are in a prosperous condition, to say the least. A Visalian visiting Tulare these days must be extremely careful while wandering around that town else a 'chug-chug machine will run him down. It is a mighty good thing that Tulare is now a 'dry' town. A recent visit there impressed us that way."

We are, of course, glad to know that our town is "exerting an influence" on the side of the auto. It is a much more desirable feature of town life than a saloon. Now if the Visalia newspaper man and a whole lot of other people all over the country will read "The Temperance Tidal Wave" articles in the last two numbers of The Outlook it will inspire zeal that will result in transforming a great many more saloon-ridden towns into towns in which the auto is ridden. The author, Mr. Samuel J. Barrows, of the International Prison Commission, has very clearly revealed the sources of the recent temperance wave.

I am led to mention these Outlook articles because I am fresh from the reading of them. We read The Outlook here in the San Joaquin valley in the summer time just to keep us from going to sleep. We must do something, and we are not obliged to gather wood for a big campfire as the unfortunate people who have gone to the mountains are forced to do,—we can keep warm here without all that labor. So just for a bit of exercise we read The Outlook. It is easy reading these days. The "Temperance Tidal Wave" articles run along with the ease of a story, or a well-behaved automobile.

Yesterday I was impelled to go to Fresno. The distance between "our town" and the metropolis of Central California is about an hour and three-quarters as the trains run. It was not at all an uncomfortable trip. The breeze that came in at the open car-window as we sped along was refreshing.

"Fresno is the hottest town in the country in the summer time," declared a Tularean.

"O, you have forgotten Yuma, and Imperial, and New York City," I remarked.

"I mean in the San Joaquin Valley," he replied.

There was a sense of warmth in the air as we stepped from the car at the Fresno station, but there was nothing in it but a little discomfort, and that is likely to come to one in one form or another almost anywhere. In themountains it assumes the shape of the stinging mosquito, and beside the sea it appears in fleas' clothing. There are times when heat would seem to be the least of the three discomforts.

Fresno is not a "dry town." There was evidence enough of that as we looked about. But it is a growing town, and perhaps one of these days it will have grown wise enough to close its saloons. It is possible that the summer heat discomfort there might be reduced if there were less "wetness," less "humidity," in that region. However that may be, the Fresno people seem to take to hot weather as ducks take to water. They appear to enjoy it. I saw one man sitting in an easy chair out on his neatly-mown lawn, coat off, collar unbuttoned, fan in one hand, newspaper in the other, and as if the sun were not furnishing quite heat enough to please him, a lighted cigar in his mouth. Apparently he was enjoying himself quite as much as does any summer man in the mountains sitting "entranced before the roaring, consuming splendors of the gigantic campfires of the Sierran forests."

In the course of the day I called at the Congregational parsonage, only to find that Pastor Queen and his wife and all of the five young Queens are enjoying a vacation at Claremont, preparatory to their removal some time next month to a new field of labor in York, Nebraska. This means not only that we shall lose this good man from California, but from the denomination, for his call is to the United Brethren college church at York, with which denomination Mr. Queen was connected when he was ordained as a minister. A call to a college church is a great temptation to a minister who is blessed with a fair quiverful of children to be educated, and Mr. Queen is to be congratulated that this time the opportunity came to the man who can appreciate this side of the argument. It helps to clear up certain problems for the solving of which a minister's salary is often not adequate.

The pulpit of the Fresno church is to be supplied for a time by a Rev. Mr. Gould, a recent arrival in this country from England, who is an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but is inclined to identify himself with Congregationalists.

W. C. T. U. ASSEMBLY.

(At Pacific Grove, July 6-12, 1908.)

Foneta Chase.

Pacific Grove is an ideal place for a summer conference. The climate is delightful; just cool enough, with sufficient fog to give the fault-finder some excuse for yielding to her propensity. There is a fascination about the place which few can resist; Monterey and Carmel Mission to entice the student of history, the army post for the philanthropic or romantic, Del Monte for those who appear to worship the works of man rather than of God, the lighthouse for those who look out to the mystery and magic of the sea, the silence of the pine forests or of the sand dunes along the shore for those who love to be alone with nature and nature's God. If the convention worker has sojourned here many times till all these attractions are in the memory, it is well; there is little time for her except for meeting and eating and a modicum of sleep.

The annual summer conference of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been held for many seasons; the sessions have been interrupted, however, for two years on account of the great earthquake. It was my privilege to attend the Peace Conference of 1905. I had expected to attend a few of the meetings, spending the greater part of the time out of doors. However, such were the attractions of the session that they silenced the call of the outer world; and I missed, if I remember rightly, but two of the meetings. On coming to the Educational Assembly of 1908 I was prepared for the inevitable disappointment which comes on repeating a delightful experience; I was most happily disappointed of my disappointment. From Monday evening, when the Assembly began, till Sunday evening, when it closed, each day was filled with good things.

A conference of workers depends for its success mainly upon two elements; the executive ability of the leader, and the earnestness of the workers inspired by real love of the work, not self-love disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The personnel of the women who stand shoulder to shoulder in the W. C. T. U. deserves a word in passing. This is an age which glorifies youth. We are too much inclined to push aside those qualified by experience to carry the work on to victory. It is gratifying to know that there are still many of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. It is equally gratifying to see a band of younger women listening respectfully to the wise words of experience, but standing ready to assume the burdens and responsibilities, and to aid in carrying out the plans of older and more experienced minds. The faith of the president, Mrs. Sara J. Dorr of San Jose, in the righteousness of her cause and the loyalty of her women was justified by the carrying out of the program as planned with scarcely a change.

First of all, I would speak of the music. Mrs. Bailey, state superintendent of that department, made it more than a rest and an inspiration to the artistic sense; she made it also an inspiration to the work itself. In doing the latter she has not lost sight of the artistic side. She seemed to know just when and how to make her songs tell most for the success of the Assembly. She preaches a sermon not soon forgotten in "A Little Bow of Ribbon White," "The Nation's Going Dry," etc. And in speaking of her, a word of appreciation of her faithful helpers, Mrs. Painton, Mrs. Willy, and Miss Lofland, must not be forgotten. The Pacific Grove Orchestra and the local Treble Clef Club also entertained delightfully. The singing and wonderful whistling of Mrs. McCauley was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Edna Rogers gave much pleasure by her rest drills and recitations. Her rendition of Riley's "The Wind and the Sun" was especially enjoyed. I wish to say a word for the rest drill. Her naivete and magnetism of manner broke down the conservative attitude of reserve which dignified women are wont t o feel. And old and young followed Miss Rogers in exercises which made the the latter half of a session lose its weariness.

To those not directly engaged in the work, the evening sessions presented t he great attraactions. The lecture on Monday evening was by Rev. I. N. McCash of Berkeley, on "The Coming Power." The speaker followed the story of American liberty from the little band on Plymouth Rock in search of religious freedom, through the days of '76 and the struggle for political liberty, the triumph of commercial independence, and the great struggle of the nineteenth century, which resulted in the freedom of the negro slave; and finally he showed us America taking her place as a world power, assuring liberty beyond our own borders in the islands of the sea. Then, going back, not so far, for history of temperance is only a century old, he outlined the story of that cause for which the W. C. T. U. primarily stands. Touching all too briefly the great steps in the campaign against the power of rum—from the pledge o f a century ago, which was so drastic as to fine one becoming intoxicated on Sunday or a holiday the immense sum of 25 cents, though the gradual evolution of the teetotal idea, to the doctrine of prohibition which recognizes that man is his brother's keeper. We were forced to blush when we were told that California is one of the seven states at the very rear of the temperance procession. He closed by a magnificent description of the destruction of the rocks in New York harbor, comparing this to the final overthrow of the saloon, a veritable Hell Gate.

Tuesday evening's lecture on "Juvenile Courts," held the undivided attention of the audience to a late hour. Judge Murasky of San Francisco began by giving an account of the new method of dealing with the child criminal which has been so rapidly developed within the last few years. To many, doubtless, the atrocious treatment of the youthful offender of a century ago was a new story. To those of us most familiar with the shameful story, the terrible details were not less shocking. We were told how only a few years ago mere boys were sent to San Quentin to come out in most cases hardened criminals. God be thanked that those in power are finding out at last it will pay society better to prevent a child from becoming a criminal than to punish that criminal. The Judge compared the old way with the new at some length, and told the stories of many boys with whom he had been obliged to deal, and read many interesting letters from those he had sent to Preston. He closed with an appeal for the dependent child.

The addresses on Thursday evening were given by two women, both of whom were faithful in their attendance and did much to make the session a success. Mrs. Helen M. Stoddard of Palo Alto spoke on "Dixie Land." She gave an account of the t emperance reform in each of the Southern states, dwelling more on the work in Texas than elsewhere as she had been president of that state for sixteen years. Mrs. Hester T. Griffith, president of the Southern California W. C. T. U., brought greetings from 4,500 women of her organization. She spoke on the subject nearest her heart, "Conditions in Our Prisons." She described the treatment accorded the inmates of San Quentin and Folsom, and contrasted the Elmira system of New York with our methods. Mrs. Griffith is giving her life for the unfortunate. She is an eloquent speaker, addressing her audience in the simple, earnest language of the heart with no effort at oratory. Nothern California was highly favored by her

presence throughout the Assembly. She addressed the soldiers at the Presidio on Sunday morning.

An entertainment was given on Wednesday evening by the local L. T. L. under the direction of Mrs. Sheppa. The principal part of the program was an exercise, "Uncle Sam Reviewing His States." On Friday evening a large audience was entertained by six contestants in a diamond medal contest. The medal was awarded to Mrs. Edyth Haycroft of Oakland.

On Sunday two impressive sermons were delivered: in the morning, one by Rev. J. H. N. Williams of Pacific Grove on "The Obligations of Optimism;" and in the evening Rev. Bridelle C. H. Washburn of Lodi, on "The Cause and Probable Outcome of the Present Prohibition Movement."

Throughout the Assembly there were many excellent papers presented, many eloquent addresses, many short, but impressive, talks by workers too numerous to mention in this brief account. If space permitted I should like to tell of Mrs. Maria Freeman Gray's paper, "Are We Training for Peace?" Mrs Mae M. Whitman's "Direct Legislation," Mrs. G. A. Stoddard's "The Saloon and Sabbath Observance," Mrs. Durst on "The Ballot in the Hand of Women," Mrs. Coleman on "Child Labor," Miss Anna E. Chase on "The Industrial Condition of Women."

During the progress of the meetings, reports of various departments of work were made. Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer reported for the department of work among the Indians, Mrs. Gilley for Loyal Temperance Legion, Mrs. Armstrong on Sabbath Observance. A most interesting exercise, "America the Crucible," was presented with Mrs. Effie D. Whatman as presiding officer.

Last, but not least, I will speak of the devotional part of the program. Miss Helen Marcus of the Moody Bible Institute, gave a series of talks on Bible Study which were most profitable and enjoyable. Mrs. Everts had charge of the cottage devotionals, and made those meetings one of the features of the Assembly.

Many others who worked throughout the week to make the Assembly a success should be named. Among these Mrs. Holston, the treasurer, Mrs. Hoppin, the editor of "The White Ribbon Ensign," and the three members of the Courtesies Committee, Mrs. Southard, who is especially interested in the press; Mrs. Bainbridge, a field organizer, and Mrs. Cartwright of the Department of Mercy, will be gratefully remembered by all.

A delightful feature of the Assembly was the social intercourse during the week; and especially at the Pacific Grove Hotel, where most of the workers from abroad were entertained. The week will remain a bright spot in the memory of every one fortunate enough to have been present.

HOW CAN WE SERVE THE CHURCH?

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 2nd.)

Albert W. Palmer.

This topic is based on Psalm 84. I must confess that, though I have long loved this psalm, it had always seemed to me somewhat disconnected until I read it as printed in Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible." I have admired lines and phrases in it, but never saw its beauty as a whole until assisted by Prof. Moulton's notes and his arrangement of the lines into stanzas.

The psalm tells of the love and longing of this ancient Hebrew for the services of the Temple, and the topic naturally grows out of it: How can we serve the church? As a pastor let me make some plain and homely suggestions:

1. Attend the church services. Church going should be more than a matter of personal caprice. No person would expect to get much out of college if he attended classes or not, according as any given morning he might prefer to work in the garden or press his clothes or sweep the house. Especially here in Northern California we need, and need sorely, the example of a body of persistent and faithful church-goers. A pastor recently called on some new-comers who proved to be Roman Catholics. "You better call on the people in the next house, they seem to be heathen; they don't go to church at all," he was told. He called and introduced himself only to be met by the staggering reply from the supposed "heathen:" "Oh, yes, well we are members of the ————Congregational Church!" If you want to serve the church one way is very simple: attend the services. You haven't any idea how much life and fire it might put into your minister's sermons to have an increase in the evening congregation of only twenty or thirty.

2. Invite others to attend. The church cannot do much to help people who never get inside its doors. If a church has a warm and Christ-like passion to serve and inspire its community, its members will invite others to the services. This need not be done in a Pharisaic or unpleasant way. It can be done in a spirit that will make the person invited feel the friendliness and good fellowship of the church. When there are special services don't go and enjoy them alone—take a friend or neighbor with you.

3. Be a contributor. People are not apt to care much for anything in which they are not willing to invest their money. You may not be able to invest much, but there are certainly few who could not subscribe to their church at least five or ten cents a week. Don't let your father be the only subscriber to the church funds in your family. Give proportionately and generously and you will find a sense of ownership growing up within you. You will be able to say with a new joy of personal possession, "that is my church," or "that is my minister."

4. Give your service. Perhaps you can sing, or teach in Sunday-school, or have time to do calling; then give these things which are often more valuable than money. If you are poor in money but rich in these other forms of service, then say, "Such as I have give I thee." Even if you could get a paid choir position in some wealthier church, do not accept it while your own church needs your voice. A Christian Endeavor Society to which I once belonged took care of the church grounds and saved the trustees the expense of fifty dollars a year for a gardener. The way to serve your church is to serve it! Go to the pastor and say, "I want to do something for the church," and I venture to predict you will not need to discuss this topic again for some time!

5. Prepare yourself for better service. The best and most efficient work is not done impromptu, even though it may appear so on the surface. It is the result of long and often hidden preparation. One of the most far-sighted ways in which you can serve the church is to prepare yourself for better service. Ask your pastor for a list of books which will help to deepen and broaden your Christian life. Make a specialty of some one branch of church work; foreign missions, a church kindergarten, a boys' club, the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society, and then make a conscientious effort to study and master that branch of church work. If you could get a group of five or six interested in a serious and systematic course of Bible study and then ask your pastor to conduct a teacher training class next winter, you would be laying a real and substantial foundation for efficient future service.

PARADISE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The first Educational Conference was held at Paradise, July 2nd to 5th, inclusive. In the quality of the addresses and the personnel of the gathering, as well as the fine spirit that characterized the entire event, it could hardly be surpassed. The attendance was good, at times the Assembly Hall was crowded, but the number of visitors from abroad was not as large as expected, the ticket agent reporting about 75.

President Compton

The conference opened at 9 o'clock Thursday morning with prayer by Rev. H. A. Shearer. Dr. Harwood spoke a few words of welcome and then the president of the opening session was introduced, Mrs. A. E. K. Bidwell of Chico. Her impromptu address was most felicitous. She pledged her support to the institution and said she would do her very best to further its interests. "I have noticed many knot holes," she said, "in these fine boards, and they have touched me very much, meaning, as they do, cheap lumber, thus indicating a determination to do the best with such material as was available, without waiting for something showy before making a start. I have no doubt the institution will have many problems to solve, which will be met with the same fortitude and adaptability. I believe that this school is destined to be of great benefit to this section of the country."

Rev. W. G. White of Chico delivered an able address on "The Prominent Place of Religion in Education."

Dr. C. C. Van Liew of the State Normal School at Chico, followed with a very valuable address on "The Rise of the Technical Idea." He said that much of the work along the line of technical instruction in this country had been done for classes whom we were accustomed to regard as inferior, such as the Negroes and Indians. General Armstrong at Hampton Sidney Institute took for his watchword, "Manual Labor a Moral Force," and accomplished a work of incalculable benefit. In California bad boys were sent to paternal schools, and there for the first time they were taught some useful occupation. It almost seemed that a boy had to be bad to be given the privilege of a technical training. Dr. Van Liew referred to what Massachusetts was trying to do for her youth along this line, and speaking of the Sierra Polytechnic Institute, he said, "This institution is a diamond in the rough, but it is capable of being polished and becoming of very great value to the people of the state. It is the peculiar roughness of the diamond that reveals its quality."

The last address of the morning was by Mr. G. W. Dickie on the subject, "Resolved, That every man should build his own house." Mr. Dickie was at his best. His production

Sierra Polytechnic Institute and Residence of President Compton

was a masterpiece and will be printed in full. Individuality and independence in practical work, in thought and in character were treated in a large and illuminating way. Mr. Dickie's service to the conference was by no means confined to this address. He presided at most of the sessions with his usual dignity and grace and wit and humor, contributing in great degree to the pronounced success of the conference. Special resolutions, thanking him, were adopted at the conclusion of the gathering.

In the afternoon came Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Rev. R. C. Brooks, Dr. J. H. Harwood and President Compton. It was a strong program. The themes of the first two speakers were "Militant Christianity" and "Educational Changes in Twenty-five Years." Dr. Brooks referred to the change from the classics to the sciences, from the cultural to the practical, from the conception of education as a preliminary professional preparation to the conception of education as a life process, and spoke of the emergence of the ideal.

Friday as "Agricultural Day." Mr. Johannes Reimers, the landscape architect for the N. E. Railway, gave the first paper, an admirable and suggestive presentation of thoughs on "The City Beautiful." It took great hold of the audience, and was one of the main topics in the symposium as the conclusion of this session. Later a Paradise Improvement Club was formed with the definite purpose to carry out some of the ideas of Mr. Reimers.

Dr. W. E. Mack's paper on "The Olive Industry on Paradise Ridge, was brief, but exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Mr. L. J. Phelps' "Impressions of a Tenderfoot" was the narrative of one of the more recent settlers in Paradise. Mr. Phelps left Massachusetts in 1904 and found his paradise at Paradise. Mr. Phelps is an excellent speaker and entertainer, and is enthusiastic over Paradise. He has a charming home, which was visited in the afternoon by the attendants at the conference, together with Dr. Mack's, Mr. Ostrander's and Mr. Compton's. Refreshments were served at these different places, and the drives gave the visitors an idea of the country which they could not have obtained otherwise.

Friday evening Mr. H. G. Longhurst, assisted by local talent, Mr. Dickie and Miss Dickie, rendered a dramatic program of great merit, which evoked enthusiasm from the large audience.

Saturday, July 4th, was Patriotic Day. The exercises of the day consisted in a celebration in the forenoon and a baseball game in the afternoon. The celebration opened at 9:30, and the program was an address by the chairman, Mr. G. W. Dickie, a patriotic recitation by Mrs. Dr. Lovett of Paradise, and an oration by Rev. J. H. Kimball of San Mateo, and all interspersed with patriotic songs. Mr. Dickie's address was very entertaining, expressing his views as a Scotch-born citizen, thoroughly loyal, but criticizing some things in American life and institutions. Mr. Kimball's oration was as fine of its kind as one could hear anywhere in the land. It was thoroughly loyal and thoroughly Christian. It began with a quotation from Grady that "American history is a constant and expanding miracle from beginning to end," and pointed out eras of miracle in our history—first, in the discovery of the country. What a time Columbus had in getting endorsement and an outfit! What a time with his men, ho were determined to turn back! He wrought his great achievement out alone. Second, in its colonization by God-fearing men to so great an extent and by Protestant Christians. Third, in the issue of the first great war, called the French and Indian war, which was the struggle of the Catholic French and the Protestant English for supremacy, settled by the victory of Wolf at Quebec. Fourth, in the revolution, whose improbable result was the victory of the colonies over the mother country and the establishment of a nation. Fifth, the adoption of a constitution, the admiration of the world. Sixth, the outcome of the civil war.

The theme was God in Our History as shown—first, in the principles adopted; second, in the leaders for the two great crises; third, in the promise of the future. The principles are liberty, equality, democracy, education and religion. The leaders in the times of great need—Washington and Lincoln. And as to the future, as Dr. Goodell said, "There are breakers in the path of the Mayflower," and that is always true and never more true than now. The great negro question, the foreign immigration problem, the labor question, and other hard problems are upon us, but we may rest assured that the God who has so manifestly guided and provided for us in the past will direct as to a right and successful solution of these questions. Mr. Kimball closed by quoting in full the poem, "Roll on Thou Ship of State." The celebration was such as this region had never had before.

Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Redwood City read the Declaration of Independence, and Rev. M. B. Fisher of Oakland led in the prayer.

But perhaps Sunday was the great day. Rev. Dr. Brooks preached in the morning. His subject was the "Enduement with Power by the Holy Spirit of God," which he expounded as being in part a power imparted to do rightly the common things of every-day life, and to meet its obligations and opportunities, and not merely an ecstatic and superhuman experience of a single occasion.

The afternoon was given to a meeting for young people, and was addressed by Rev. Mr. Fisher of Oakland and Mr. Wall of Chico.

The night meeting was in the village church and consisted of a set address by Mr. G. W. Dickie on "**The Dividends of Life,**" based on the text, Matt. 6:25, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." It was a masterly and convincing plea for an unselfish life, a life for God and humanity, with the certainty also that one's own good shall result.

Resolutions commending the work o f Rev. J. H. Kimball in working out this assembly and of Rev. J. H. Harwood and Mrs. Harwood in inaugurating and carrying on the school were heartily passed at both the morning and evening meetings. Thus closed with large attendance and a fine program the first Chautauqua assembly of Paradise, with resolution, also, to repeat the same next year, for which preparations are to begin at once.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Santa Cruz church led among the churches in Northern California in the number of persons received on confession during 1907—the number being 69.

Bethlehem Institute, Los Angeles, has a Japanese branch church of 25 members. The Rev. Mr. Suyehiro is in charge of the work.

The pulpit of the First Church of Oakland will be occupied for the next six Sundays by the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle.

Next Monday the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be addressed by the Rev. N. C. Smith, recently of Humboldt county, now supplying the Second Church of Oakland.

It is vacation time in a large number of our churches. This accounts for the dearth of church news in the columns of The Pacific this week. We welcome all items such as appear from time to time under the caption "Among the Churches." The Pacific could have more of them if our churches would do their duty in this respect. But they by no means give the paper all its value. This is a valuable number of The Pacific for the coast, and it has nothing this week under the caption "Among the Churches."

The Rev. C. N. Queen of Fresno plans to enter on the pastorate of the United Brethren Church of York, Nebraska, the first of September. Mr. Queen will be missed not only in Fresno, but widely throughout California. It was with great reluctance that our church at Fresno consented to his resignation. In a letter of acceptance it was said, among other things, by the church: "The enthusiasm and faithful service which has been evinced by the members of the church during your pastorate should be credited largely to you, your splendid example creating and encouraging service in those who looked for leadership. It has been an unceasing and constantly increasing source of satisfaction to the officers and members of the church to note the growth and efficiency of all departments of the church work during your

pastorate. The Sunday-school, unfortunately in a most discouraging condition at the time of your assuming charge, has developed into an agency of incalculable good, the attendance having increased from 400 to 510 per cent; the Christian Endeavor societies have added to the effectiveness of the church in its especial field and the largely increased attendance at the services is the best evidence of your success, under the direction of our Heavenly Father, in this department of the church work. Not only have large congregations gathered to hear your always inspiring massages from the pulpit; the field of your usefulness and the enjoyment and appreciation of your preaching have not been limited to the confines of the church, for the regular publication each week of your sermons in the local papers has in this respect enlarged your parish to cover the central portion of the state, and the compliment of regularly choosing yours from the many sermons delivered to be the one or two published has been a matter of pride to the whole church." This letter from which we quote contained words of high appreciation of Mrs. Queen and other members of the family because of their part in church and social life. Mr. Queen began his ministry in the Church of the United Brethren of Christ in Ohio, having important United Brethren churches in that state, before taking the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Rootstown. Later he was pastor of the Congregational Church of Fredonia, Kansas, going from that field to Ventura, and thence to Fresno. Now that a call has come to him from the United Brethren Church at York, Nebraska, the seat of York College, he accepts it, because of the educational advantages for his children. We shall miss him in California, but his going will form one more link between the Congregational and United Brethren churches.

JOTTINGS.

A Busy Pastor.

"Mr. Orr is a very busy man," said a member of his flock to me last week. It is a good reputation for a pastor to secure. Not a bustling man; not a "hustler," if anyone can tell exactly what a hustler is; but one who has his work laid out with forethought and measured up to the full of his time and his strength.

Bro Orr is a busy man, and his church follows his example. That is the way for a pastor to get an active, busy church—not as some advise, by carefully abstaining from everything which, according to his theory, the laymen ought to do, but by planning wisely and then personally seeing to it that the plans are fulfilled; putting in his effort at the weak places, till even the languid, the idlers in the flock see that sometning is doing and are stirred to lend a hand.

That church has recently purchased a lot and built a Sunday-school building in the northeastern portion of the city, at a considerable distance from any place of worship and in the midst of a large and growing community. "The germ of a second church?" I asked. "Well, they want preaching there already," was the reply. It isn't a friendless, lonesome infant, but has the watch and care of the whole church, particularly of some of its best workers, as every such infant church should have.

I saw some finely executed cards, in size almost ten inches square, with pictures of the mother church and the new parsonage upon them, and containing the location of five out-stations, in one or another of which Mr. Orr preaches on Sunday afternoons. I wish I could recall, so as to quote it, the one most significant sentence upon the card. The words have escaped me, but the substance was: "Call upon the pastor for any service he can render you; he is here to serve." These cards were for posting or distribution, not in the city, but in the suburbs, miles away in some cases, wherever his sub-station work could reach.

The Congregational Parish Monthly,

published in Los Angeles, is the organ of fellowship in the goodly company of Congregational churches in that city. It reaches out, also, to Long Beach, Pasadena, Claremont, and even to Redlands. The number which fell into my hands had on its cover a picture—very prepossessing—of Rev. Mr. Mallows, whose administration of the affairs and work of Plymouth Church is fast bringing it towards the front. It has in connection with the space given to each church a picture of its house of worship, and its schedule of regular appointments. Then most of the churches give an account of the month's happenings and doings, and it makes reading that interests every lover of our churches and servant of their Lord. Two or three, and among these one at least of the most active and prosperous, supplies nothing of this. It may have been an oversight, or it may have been an excess and mistake of modesty. It is a mistake—a mistake that is next door to a sin. There is scarcely anything in this world more precious than the fellowship of the churches. And how can this fellowship be maintained without mutual acquaintanceship? And how in these busy days can acquaintanceship be kept up without some such organ as this "Parish Monthly," and in the wider field of the whole coast, our Pacific. Suffer a word of exhortation. Send in, brethren, to The Pacific, at least once in two months, something to tell us how you fare, what you are doing, what your experiences have been, whether cheering or otherwise. Let us know each other. So shall we love one another, pray for each other and pull together in the good work of the Lord. We don't need mutual government in order to effective co-operation. We do need mutual acquaintanceship and brotherly love. W. C. P.

THE HOME

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White peals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked.
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees

On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

—George Eliot.

TONICS.

A great deal of harm is done by self-drugging for the relief of various real or imaginary ills.

Every man, of course, believes himself a doctor, and often thinks he is better able to attack a cough or a case of rheumatism or a headache, whether it be his own or another's, than those who make the cure of disease a special study. All he has to do is to make up his mind what the trouble is,—and any one can tell a cough when he has it,—and then to take something that is "good for a cough."

There is nothing easier. The only objection to the plan is, that what is good for the cough may be bad for the cougher.

So it is with a headache. Almost any pain in the head not due to actual brain disease may be moderated, if not relieved temporarily, by some form of "headache powder;" but a frequent recourse to this means of cure may fatally weaken the heart. When this stops beating the headaches cease to trouble, but the patient is not in condition to know or care.

Less serious, but not much so, is the abuse of tonics A true tonic is anything that promotes the nutrition of the body. This may be done by increasing the appetite and improving digestion, which is the function of the bitter tonics; or by improving the condition of the blood by adding to it the iron it has lost; or by supplying the system with some needed substance, such as fat in cod-liver oil; or finally by stimulating the tissues to increased absorption, an action which is ascribed to arsenic, mercury and others of the mineral tonics.

But these are not the "tonics" to which people are apt to resort when they run down. They take to stimulants, alcohol usually, and think they are getting strong because they feel better after each dose. The alcohol in the "tonic" is often disguised, and the user, perhaps a conscientious teetotaler, would be shocked to learn that what he was taking to give him strength had more alcohol in it than has the strongest whiskey. If the system is seriously run down, a physician should be consulted, who will be able to give what is needed, whether iron, or bark, or gentian, or cod-liver oil, to correct the underlying condition that causes the debility.—Youth's Companion.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red;
"What a most unfortunate creature I am!
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered like this to me!
That I should be placed on the very same shelf
(Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
That vulgar, common Blackberry Jam!"

She fumed and fretted hour by hour,
Growing less and less contented,
Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
That she at last fermented;
While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still
And let her have her say,
Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
The parson to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take tea with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horriblemess! Dear, dear!
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
"Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam—
Honest, reliable Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
Oh, my, what a dire disgrace!
And the pig ate her up with a twitch of his tail
And a troubled expression of face;
While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish.
"Well, things turn out very funny!"

—St. Nicholas.

THE JOY OF HABIT.

We hear a great deal about "the chains of habit," of the power of "bad habits," of how "habits are hard to break." All true enough, but why assume that habits must be bad and that we need to break them? Even a chain is a good thing if it holds an anchor or if by it we hitch our wagon to a star. The power of habit is one of the most useful of natural forces, and we should learn to enjoy its service and not fear it. Wise old Mother Nature, proceeding along the line of least resistance, had in view an economy of life-force when the power of habit was developed.

The whole business of Nature may be described as the transmission of force. We may observe that such and such processes are going on, and that we are in the game whether we like it or not. Being in it, we wish to play well, if for no better reason than that success is pleasure.

In this great game of forces, the human mechanism finds itself possessed of a little private battery called the will. We are no all-powerful creators; we must recognize the supremacy of the great, underlying laws; but, though moved by wind and current, we are no logs of driftwood—we have still within us a propeller, a little engine that can push and steer.

This power of ours is a most precious possession. By its use we can manage natural forces as no other creatures may; we can, to a certain extent, manage our own instincts and impulses—yes, even our own habits. But it is a costly power, slowly accumulated through long ages of evolution; and Nature gives us this vehicle of habit, that we may be saving of our steps withal. Do a thing but twice, and the discharge of nervous force along those channels becomes easier. Do it a hundred times, and it is easier than not. Do it every day, and you can do it in your sleep!

When you learn a new process, be it the art of walking, so difficult to the baby, or that of riding a bicycle or playing the piano, at first you must use your will. You have to push, to "put your mind on it," to send voluntarily the power into your feet or fingers or wherever it is wanted. But this uphill work is soon replaced by the smooth-running wheels of habit; and then, instead of pushing, you may ride. Even the initial act of governing one's habits may itself become a habit, and so be easy to us. It is no harder for a king to be a king than for a slave to be a slave—he has only to be accustomed to it.

In view of these facts—good, solid, provable facts—is it not a pity that we should cry out against our horses because now and then one runs away with us? "My habits are formed," some tell us solemnly, as if God made them! —as if they were carved out of rock! Of course they are formed. A baby forms habits before he is weaned, and goes on forming and reforming them as long as he lives. The point is that we may at any age consider our habits, examine them and change them all, if we so desire. It is easier in youth, to be sure, but it may be done as long as any consciousness and any will power remain.

"I have no will power," some will say. Even here habit is the main question. If one uses the will, never so little, but regularly, it soon becomes a habit, and then is easy. "The force of habit" will augument the will. The habit of command is easily developed.

There are plenty to teach physical culture and cause our biceps to bulge and our chests to expand; we need some one to show us how in a year's time we may develop a set of habits which, with a little care and attention, will last a lifetime.

"It is so hard to get up in the morning!" says one. Make it a habit, and then it will get you up in the morning with no difficulty at all.

The practical point is that the force of habit is a natural force and a great saving to the will. You invest a certain amount of energy, carefully and wisely, in laying the track and starting the train. Once regularly set going, it accumulates energy, and carries you with no further effort. You can then withdraw your original capital and invest it in another habit, gradually developing a set of which you are rightfully proud, and sit back at ease while they carry on the business. The same amount of nervous energy that we now spend in tugging vainly at the reins of old habits would establish new ones more to our minds.

If this were done, with a scientific use of power, we should be as proud of our habits as we are of fine horses, learn to break and drive them for our service, and make their strength save ours.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in The Circle.

ENTHUSIASM GONE SILLY.

The Democratic convention at Denver yelled and howled and carried on a regular "rough house" for one hour and twenty-seven minutes. The Republican convention in Chicago did almost the same thing. This is not politics, it is a plain attempt to substitute noise for the evident lack of a satisfactory issue. There is nothing so utterly silly as empty enthusiasm. No one could object to the three or five minutes of shouting over a nomination of a presidential candidate. In both these cases the nomination of the candidate was a foregone conclusion, and hence the demonstration lacked the excuse of fierce contest. The performance was about on a basis with the Ephesians in Paul's day, "when they cried out for the space of two hours, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'" If we could separate the act at Denver and Chicago from the men who permitted themselves to go into such excess, such riotous nonsense, we should like to say that such screeching, such yelling and hooting is raw heathenism and beneath the dignity of American citizenship. It destroys the judgment of the country at large, it dissipates all deliberative character of the convention. It is a sort of a war-dance without the war.

Young People

THREE RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, known and beloved as the president of Wellesley College, was wont to devote part of her time each week to the very poor children found in a vacation school in Boston. On one occasion Mrs. Palmer talked to them on how to be happy, and gave them three rules to follow. In her husband's biography, which has just been issued ("Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is given Mrs. Palmer's story of one little girl who tried to follow the three rules given her.

"One July morning," wrote Mrs. Palmer, "I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot, even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination, I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare. 'Now,' I said, 'what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?' 'Talk about life,' said one girl. Imagine! 'I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time,' I said.

"Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child with a great, fat baby on her knee: 'Tell us how to be happy!' . . . And the rest took up the word and echoed: 'Yes, tell us how to be happy.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week and not to skip a single day.' So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

" 'The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day—something good. It needn't be much; three or four words will do—just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse. Do you understand?' I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried: 'I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind.' 'That's it exactly!' I said; 'something you would like to remember if you went blind.' And they all promised that they would and not skip a single day.

" 'The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to?' (Yes,

there was one.) 'And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say: "Isn't it beautiful?" Drink in every detail and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?' They promised, to a girl.

" 'My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—do something for somebody every day.' 'Oh, that's easy!' they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said—'Oh, that's easy!' 'Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day? and wasn't that doing something for somebody?'

" 'Yes,' I answered them, 'it was.'

"At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm and a little voice said: 'I done it!' 'Did what?' I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. . . . 'What you told us to do; and I never skipped a day, neither,' replied the child in a rather hurt tone. 'Oh,' I said, 'now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it.' So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

" 'Well,' she said, 'I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park; but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw (here the little face brightened up with a radiant smile)—I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome.' It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

" 'And then there was another day,' she went on, 'and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when (here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face) I saw the baby's hair!' 'Saw the baby's hair?' I echoed. 'Yes; a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, an' Illl never be lonesome any more.' And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said: 'See?' And I too saw the baby's hair. 'Isn't it beau-ti-ful' she asked. 'Yes, it is beautiful,' I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the browns, the reds, the golds which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. 'Now shall we go on?' I said, taking the heavy baby from her."

REVELATIONS 3:20.

C. E. C.

Great my poverty, small my store,
Before Lord Christ came to my door;
Dark my ignorance, deep my sin,
Before I let my Lord Christ in.
The Lord Christ came, I let Him in,
Gone my ignorance, gone my sin.
The Lord Christ came within my door,
Gone my poverty, great my store.

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